

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

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The HOODED HORSEMAN

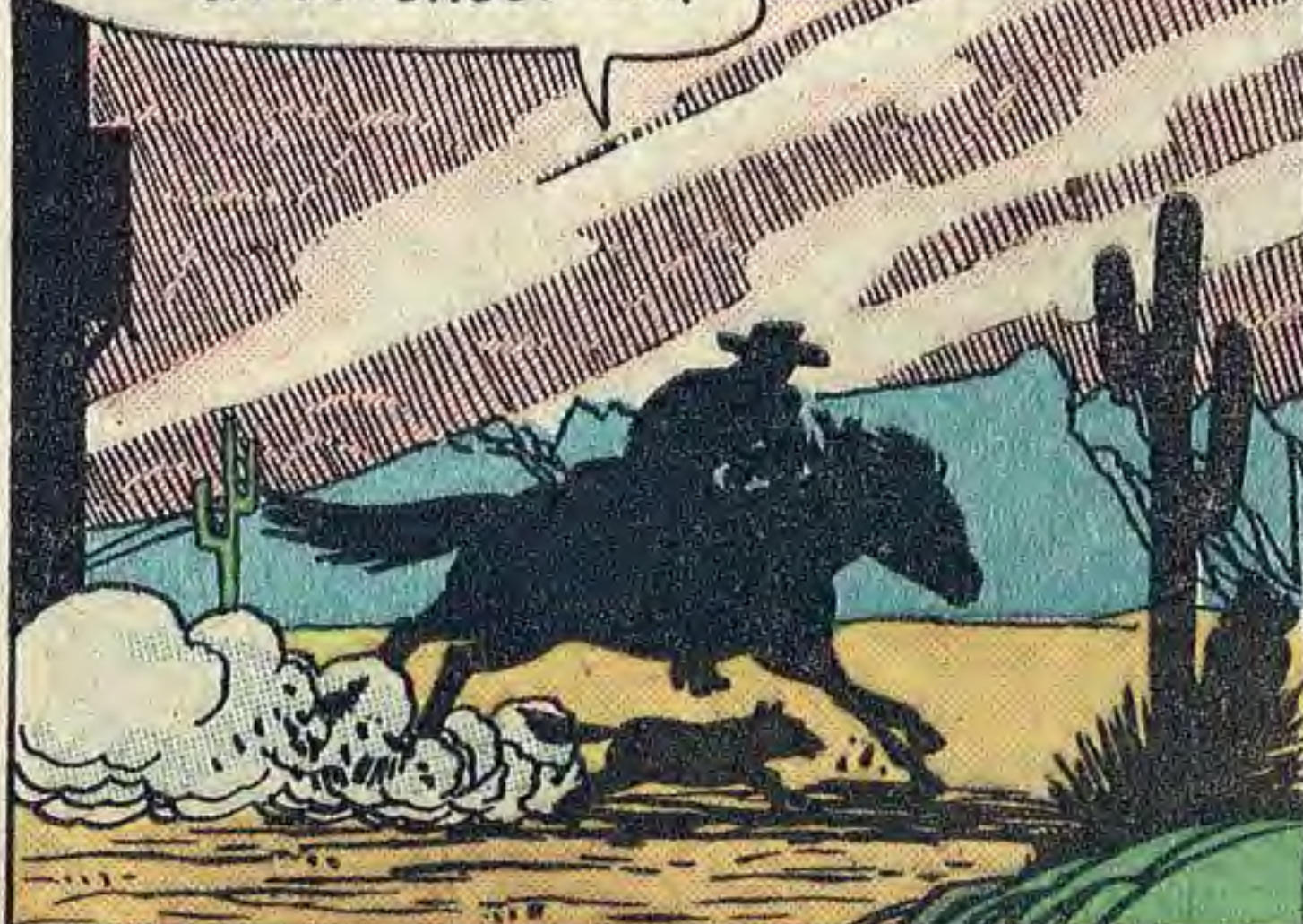
IN ALL THE ANNALS OF THE WILD AND BLAZING WEST, THE GRIMMEST AVENGER OF INJUSTICE WAS A BLUE-GARBED, CRIMSON-MASKED FIGURE WHO CUT A BLOODY SWATH THROUGH THE BADLANDS WITH HIS THUNDERING GUNS! AND HERE, READERS, IS ANOTHER PULSE-STIRRING, SIXGUN SAGA SHOWING HOW THE HOODED HORSEMAN AND HIS CANINE PARTNER, FLASH, HELPED MAKE POSSIBLE THE WINNING OF THE WEST!



SAY, FLASH, LISTEN TUH THIS AD IN THE PAPER! -- "TO THE HOODED HORSEMAN-- IF YOU WANT TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN FROM HANGING, PLEASE CALL ON ANNIE PRESCOTT AT THE LAZY Z RANCH NEAR COYOTE CITY!"



SOUNDS INTERESTIN', FLASH-- SO LET'S HIT THE TRAIL! BUT WE'LL HAVE TUH BE MIGHTY CAREFUL -- 'CAUSE SHORE AS SHOOTIN', THERE'LL BE SOME HOMBRES WHO'LL TRY TO STOP US FROM HELPIN' HER! AN' THEY'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A STRANGER WHO PARDS AROUND WITH A DOG! SO WE'LL EITHER HAVE TUH OUTWIT 'EM.. OR OUTSHOOT 'EM!



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NEAR THE PASS LEADING TO COYOTE CITY--

OH, OH--THOSE WADDIES MAY BE THE ONES ON THE LOOKOUT FOR US! SO LET'S GO INTUH OUR ACT, FLASH! I'LL TRY NOT TUH HURT YUH!



GIT AWAY FROM ME, YUH MANGY MUTT--VAMOOSE!



QUIT DOGGIN' MUH TRACKS, I SAID--OR I'LL WHIP YUH TILL YUH'RE BUZZARD-BAIT!

THE REAL HOODED HORSEMAN WOULD KILL THE MAN WHO LAID A WHIP TUH HIS DAWG--SO THAT CAN'T BE THE HOMBRE WE'RE AFTER!

YEAH, BUT WE KIN SHORE USE A HOUND LIKE THAT FER THE BOSS'S PLAN! HE'S WHIPPIN' THAT CRITTER TUH DEATH!



YUH ASKED FER IT, YUH-- WHA---!

MAKE TRACKS, HOMBRE--WE'RE TAKIN' THAT DAWG OFF YORE HANDS!



YUH BLASTED COYOTE--NO MAN KIN GIT AWAY WITH SHOOTIN' AT ME FROM BEHIND MUH BACK! HOLSTER THAT GUN AN' GIVE ME A FAIR DRAW--AN' I'LL SHOW YUH IT DOESN'T PAY TUH MESS WITH BUD FRASER!

GRAB THE MUTT, BOYS--WHILE I GIVE THIS LOUD-MOUTH A HAIRCUT!



HEY--THIS MUTT AIN'T NONE TOO FRIENDLY!



HELP! PLUG THIS CRITTER, LUKE!

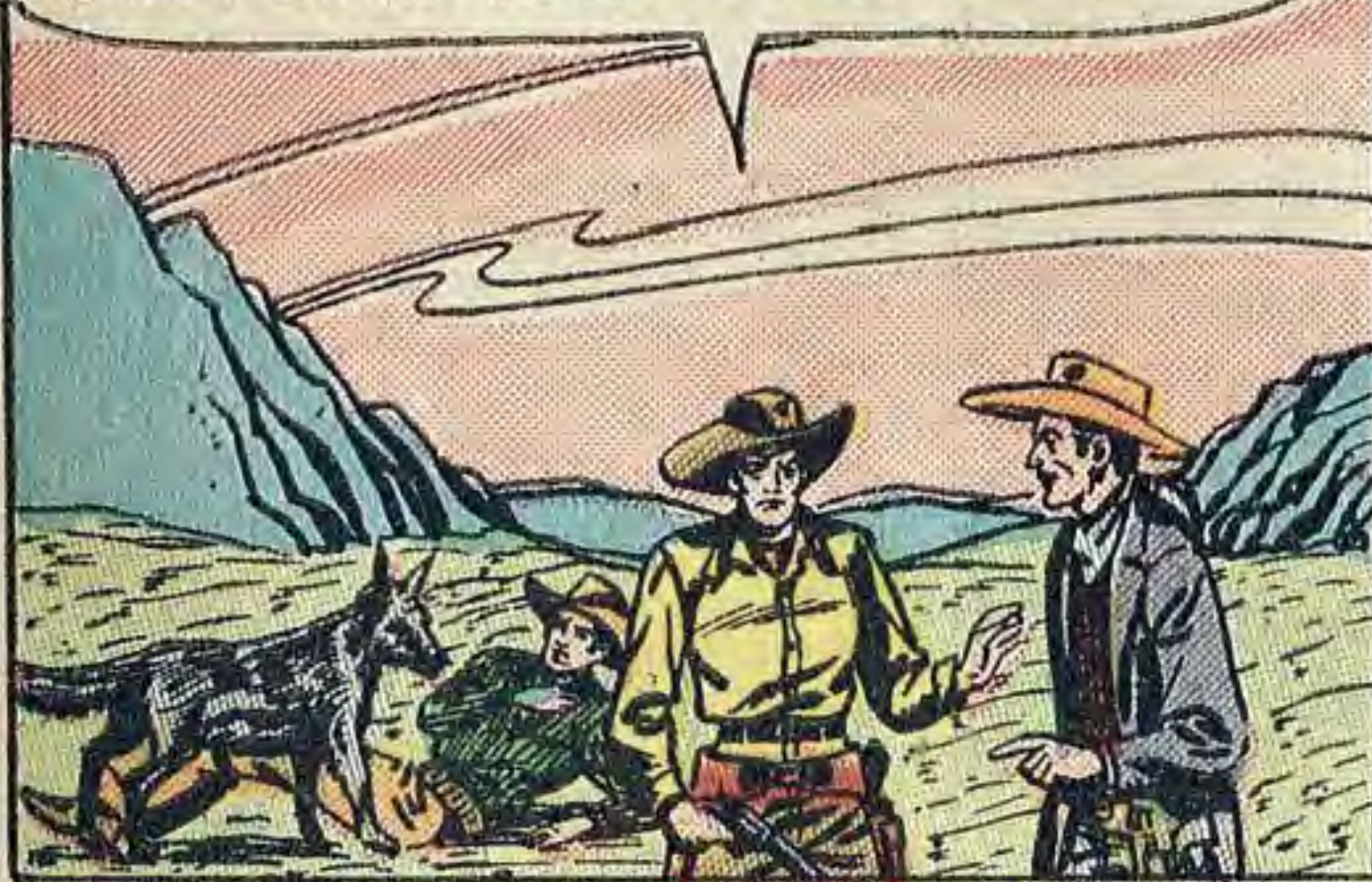
NOW THAT LUKE'S MADE THE MISTAKE O' TAKIN' HIS EYES OFF ME, I RECKON I'LL START DOIN' SOME PLUGGIN'!





A COUPLE O' GRAND? I'LL TELL YUH **ANYTHIN'** FER THAT KIND O' DINERO! I'M IN THESE PARTS 'CAUSE I'M RUNNIN' FROM POSSES IN THREE STATES! I CAME ACROSS A JASPER DEAD O' BULLET WOUNDS WITH A DAWG WHININ' AROUND 'IM AN' CHASIN' THE BUZZARDS AWAY! THE HOUND SEEMED GRATEFUL AFTER I BURIED THE CORPSE AN' KEPT FOLLERIN' ME! I DIDN'T MIND 'IM AT FUST-- BUT NOW I CAIN'T STAND 'IM YELPIN' AROUND ME!

HMM, THAT CRITTER'S THE FIRST STRANGE DOG TUH COME NEAR COYOTE CITY SINCE THAT PRESCOTT GAL PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS ASKIN' FER HELP FROM THE HOODED HORSEMAN-- AN' HE FITS THE DESCRIPTION O' THE HORSEMAN'S HOUND! I'D BETTER PLAY IT SAFE AN' GIT RID OF 'IM!



HERE, FRASER-- SHOOT THE MUTT-- AN' I'LL HIRE YUH!

OH-OH, FAWKES MUST BE SUSPICIOUS! AN' IF I REFUSE TUH SHOOT FLASH-- HE'LL KNOW I'M THE HOODED HORSEMAN! WAL, THE ONLY THING TUH DO IS USE THE GUN AGAINST FAWKES!

BUT AS SOON AS BUD HEFTS THE REVOLVER, HIS YEARS OF GUN-HANDLING EXPERIENCE PAY OFF--

WAIT-- THIS SIXGUN IS A FRACTION OF AN OUNCE TOO LIGHT-- IT'S JUST ABOUT THE RIGHT WEIGHT FOR A GUN LOADED WITH **BLANKS!** FAWKES IS JEST **TESTIN'** ME!

WAL, FRASER, WHAT'RE YUH WAITIN' FER?

I'LL BE RISKIN' FLASH'S LIFE ON MUH HUNCH-- BUT I'LL DO IT!



BANG! BANG!

I WAS RIGHT!

BAH-- MUH AIM MUST BE OFF WITH A STRANGE GUN-- I'LL PLUG 'IM WITH MUH OWN IRON!

HOLD IT, FRASER-- THAT WAS JEST A TEST TUH FIND OUT IF YUH WERE THE HOODED HORSEMAN! I KNOW YUH'RE NOT NOW, BUT I NEED THE DAWG-- AN' SINCE THE HOUND SEEMS TUH THINK YUH'RE ITS NEW MASTER, I'LL USE YUH BOTH ON THE JOB I GOT IN MIND! LET'S TALK IT OVER IN MUH OFFICE IN COYOTE CITY!



TWO HOURS LATER...

THIS IS WATER-STARVED COUNTRY, FRASER-- WITH JEST ONE GOOD WATER HOLE FER ALL THE RANCHERS! I'M TRYIN' TUH BUY UP THE LAND SURROUNDIN' THAT WATER HOLE-- AND WHEN I DO, THE PRICES I'LL CHARGE FOR WATER'LL MAKE ME BOSS OF THIS WHOLE SECTION OF THE STATE!



BUT I NEED ONE LAST PIECE O' LAND TUH COMPLETE THE CIRCLE-- THE LAZY Z RANCH, OWNED BY JAKE PRESCOTT AN' HIS DAUGHTER! I'VE TRIED TUH BUY OR SCARE JAKE OFF THE LAND, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! SO I FINALLY HAD TUH FRAME JAKE WITH A MURDER AN' BRIBE A JURY AN' A JUDGE TUH CONVICT 'IM-- BUT HIS DAUGHTER ANNIE STILL WON'T SELL TUH ME!

BUT NOW THAT SHE'S ASKED FER HELP FROM THE HOODED HORSEMAN, YUH'LL IMPERSONATE THE HORSEMAN, FRASER! SHE'LL TRUST YUH-- AND IT'LL BE EASY TUH GIT HER TUH GIVE YUH A SIGNED DEED FER THE LAND!

SHREWD IDEA, FAWKES-- BUT WHAR IN BLAZES KIN I GIT A HOODED HORSEMAN DISGUISE?

I ALREADY HAD ONE MADE UP-- I WAS JEST WAITIN' TUH FIND A SUITABLE DOG, AN' ONE O' MUH MEN WAS GOIN' TUH IMPERSONATE THE HORSEMAN! BUT NOW YUH'RE THE MAN FER THE JOB!

THAT'S RICH-- THE REAL HOODED HORSEMAN PRE-TENDIN' TUH BE THE REAL HOODED HORSEMAN!



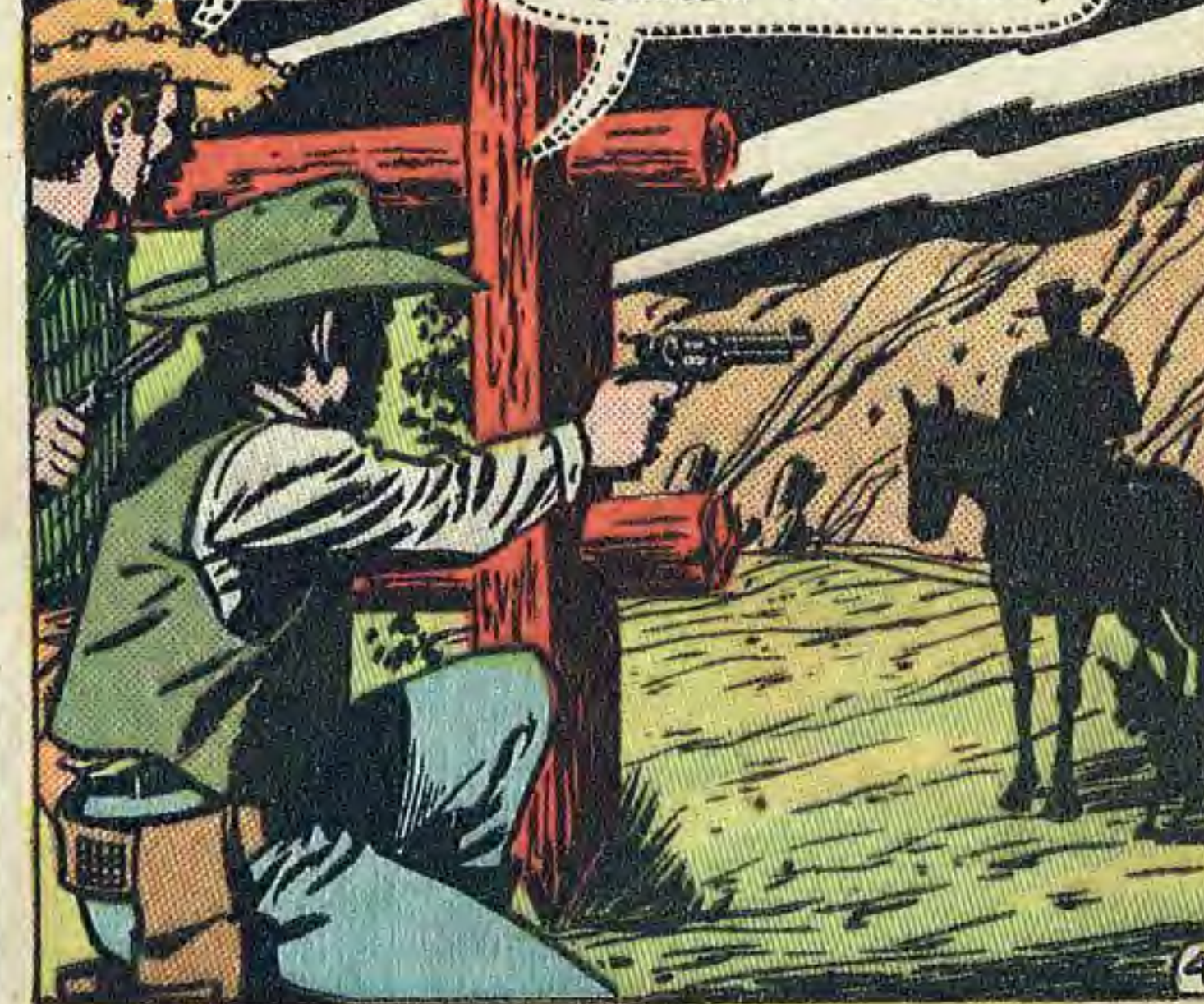
THAT NIGHT, A FEW MILES OUT OF COYOTE CITY--

WAL, THAT'S THE LAZY Z RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD, FLASH! EH-- WHAT'RE YUH GROWLIN' ABOUT, BOY?



HEAR THAT? HE CALLED THAT DOG FLASH!

YEAH, AN' HE SEEMS TUH BE MASKED-- IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN, ALL RIGHT! BLAST 'IM DOWN!





JAKE IS POPULAR AND THE PEOPLE IN TOWN MIGHT SET HIM FREE AFORE HE'S HUNG -- AN' I CAIN'T LET **THAT** HAPPEN! SO I WANT YUH TUH BUST INTUH THE JAIL DISGUISED AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN-- AN' FILL PRESCOTT FULL O' HOLES!

NAW, THAT'S NO GOOD-- EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE HOODED HORSEMAN IS ON THE SIDE O' THE LAW! PEOPLE WOULD KNOW THAT ONE O' YORE MEN DID IT, **DISGUISED** AS THE HORSEMAN! LISTEN, I GOT A BETTER IDEE--

I'LL BUST INTUH THE JAIL DISGUISED AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN-- AS IF I'M **FREEIN'** JAKE! BUT WHEN I GET HIM OUT O'TOWN I'LL PLUG 'IM AN' BURY THE BODY SO NO ONE'LL EVER FIND IT! EVERYONE WOULD THINK HE'S JEST IN HIDIN', AFRAID TUH CONTACT HIS FRIENDS!

GREAT IDEE, FRASER! I'LL FIX THINGS WITH THE SHERIFF SO THEY GO OFF SMOOTHLY!



MINUTES LATER, AS BUD LEAVES FAWKES' OFFICE...

HUH? WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

YUH MEAN WHAT'S **COMIN'** OFF-- AN' IT'LL BE MUH **ARM** UNLESS YUH CALL THIS MAN-EATER OFF FAST, FRASER!



OKAY-- NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY HE JUMPED YOU!

HOW IN TARNATION SHOULD I KNOW? I WAS JEST WALKIN' PAST YORE HORSE HERE WHEN THE MUTT TORE INTUH ME! I SWEAR I'LL **KILL** 'IM FOR THIS!



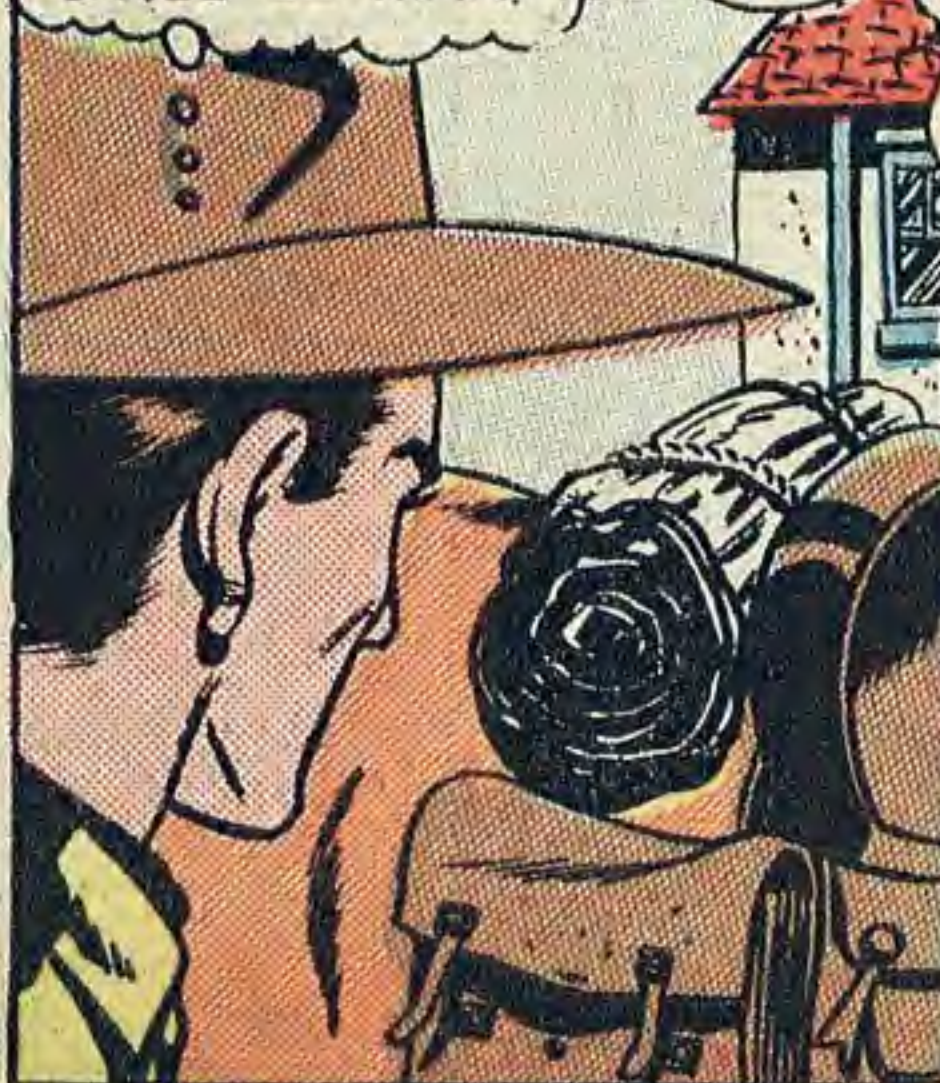
HARM A HAIR O' THAT DOG'S HEAD, YUH VARMINT-- AN' I'LL HAVE YORE SCALP HANGIN' FROM MUH SADDLE BAGS!

UGHH!

Pow!



OH-OH, SPEAKIN' O' SADDLE BAGS-- THEM STRAPS HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! MUH REGULAR HOODED HORSEMAN OUTFIT WAS IN THAR-- AN' IT'D BETTER **STILL** BE THAR!



IT IS-- BUT IF LUKE LOOKED INSIDE THE BAGS, HE'S SHORE TUH GO STRAIGHT TUH FAWKES AN' TELL 'IM I'M THE REAL HOODED HORSEMAN! I'VE GOT TUH **KNOW**, AN' THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TUH ASK THE ONLY EYE-WITNESS! FLASH-BARK TWICE IF YUH JUMPED LUKE BECAUSE HE WAS LOOKIN' IN MUH SADDLE BAGS!



WITH ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE--

GOOD BOY! WAL, THAT MEANS THE MASQUERADE'S OVER-- AND I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH FAWKES RIGHT NOW!

ARF!
ARF!



MINUTES LATER...

GLAD YUH'RE BACK, FRASER! I JEST DECIDED TUH SEND LUKE ALONG WITH YUH ON THAT JAIL-BUSTIN' JOB!



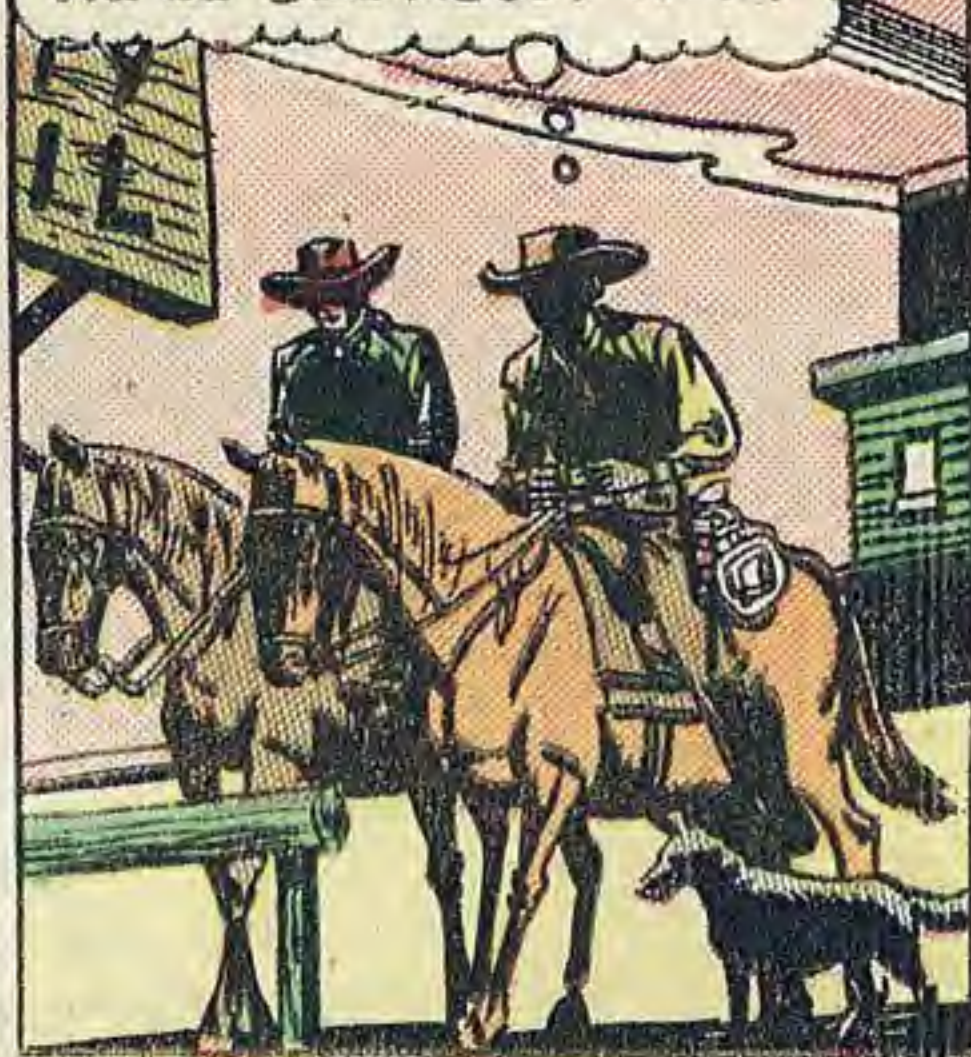
THEY'RE PLAYIN' DUMB-- 'CAUSE THEY DON'T WANT A SHOWDOWN HERE! WAL, I RECKON I'LL HAVE TUH PLAY ALONG!

OKAY--YUH'RE THE BOSS!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TEN TUH ONE LUKE'S ORDERS ARE TUH BURY BOTH JAKE PRESCOTT AN' ME OUT ON THE RANGE AFTER THE JAILBREAK! BUT WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



HELLO, BOYS! THE KEYS ARE IN MUH TOP DESK DRAWER, AN' THE ROPE TUH TIE ME UP WITH IS BEHIND THE DOOR! WE GOTTA MAKE THIS LOOK REAL, YUH KNOW!

YEAH, REALLY REAL!



YUH MURDERIN' FOOL-- YUH KILLED 'IM!

SO WHAT? SHERIFFS ARE CHEAP ENOUGH! C'MON-- LET'S FREE PRESCOTT!



THE HOODED HORSEMAN! HAVE YUH CLEARED MUH NAME -- AM I FREE?

WAL, AT LEAST YUH'RE FREE, JAKE! THE REST WILL FOLLER IF YUH'LL JUST FOLLER ME AN' MUH PARD! C'MON-- WE'RE RIDIN' FER THE OPEN RANGE!







HANDS of VENGEANCE

BILL McKADE...I...I thought yuh was dead!" Gil Bragg gasped, reining in his horse as he saw the face of the man standing in the shadows of the Bragg ranch-house.

"Yore eyes aren't playin' tricks, Bragg," McKade said quietly.

"But after I shot yuh up last year, I heard yuh were ready tuh be nailed intuh yore coffin!" Bragg's hand reached covertly for the gun he always carried as he watched the white-lipped man standing so still and dark in the moonlight.

"No, Bragg...I kept on livin' because I wanted revenge!" McKade answered.

Bragg tried to size up McKade's stance, figure out just how his enemy would make his draw. But in the shadows it was hard to see McKade's body clearly...his black clothes melted into the darkness, his hands were invisible in the night. Only his grim, gaunt face could be seen in the moonlight.

But Bragg wasn't worried. After all, he'd beaten McKade to the draw once before...putting bullets neatly through both of his hands...and he was sure he could do it again. There were no witnesses last time...nor would there be any now.

"Yup, yuh shot me up, stole muh land an' wrecked muh life," McKade said. "I've got nothin' tuh live for now, Bragg. It's taken me a long time tuh work muh way back here, but I made it...an' I'm givin' yuh a choice. Either yuh kill me an' let the law hang

yuh for murder...or I'll kill yuh! Either way yuh die, but the first way yuh do me a favor."

Bragg's skin began to prickle. This loco maverick had something up his sleeve...but *what?* Not taking any chances, Bragg gripped his gun as he said, "Yuh're mistaken, McKade. I'll shoot yuh...but the law won't take me, because yuh're an armed man trespassin' on muh range. Everybody knows yuh've got a grudge ag'inst me...an' they'll agree that I had no choice but tuh kill yuh or be shot."

McKade laughed softly. "In that case, Bragg...say yore prayers!"

"Too late, McKade!" Bragg snarled, even as his gun started spitting lead at the man in the shadows. Bragg didn't stop shooting and cursing until his pistol was empty. Only then, while some visiting cowmen were riding up, did he realize that McKade hadn't fired a single shot.

One of the cowmen had already left for the sheriff when Bragg told the others that he'd heard this prowler skulking about, and that he'd shot him in self-defense when the prowler pulled a gun on him.

"What?" A cowman stepped away from the figure on the ground, "So *that's* your story!"

"Sure...he tried tuh kill me! He shot first...but..."

"Try tellin' that to the jury, yuh *murderer!*" The cowman turned to the others. "This hombre couldn't shoot even if he *had* a gun... 'cause *his hands were amputated!*"

INJUN JONES

IN TODAY'S SOUTHWEST, THE NAVAJO PEACEFULLY TEND THEIR FLOCKS AMONG THE COPPERY MESAS... AND THE APACHES AND LUTES HAVE LONG SINCE LAID ASIDE THEIR WAR BOWS AND TUFTED LANCES! BUT LESS THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN THE CANYONS RANG WITH WAR WHOOPS AND THE CRACK OF CARBINES, ONLY ONE MAN FOUGHT FOR BOTH THE LAW OF THE TRIBE AND THE LAW OF THE FRONTIER --- INJUN JONES!



ONE AFTERNOON...

THAR ISN'T MUCH GOLD COMIN' IN FER ASSAY THESE DAYS, INJUN! NOW THAT YORE APACHES HAVE QUIETED DOWN... THAR'S A HEAP MORE DINERO TUH BE MADE IN RANCHIN'!

ASSAY OFFICE

MEBBE SO, STEVE! BUT JEST LET THE WORD GIT AROUND THAT THAR'S A **NEW** GOLD STRIKE SOMEWHAR... AN' YUH'LL SEE HOW FAST THESE HOMBRES LOAD EVER' THING THEY OWN INTUH WAGONS AN' HIT THE TRAIL!

SUDDENLY...

AAAGH!

CRIMPIN' COYOTES... IT'S A RAID!

YAA-HOOO!

ZZZZIP!



UTES! THEY'RE
HEADIN' FER
THE ASSAY
OFFICE!

YAA-HOOO!

BANG! BANG!



I'M GOIN' TUH
GIVE YUH HOWLIN'
POLECATS JEST
ONE CHANCE---
**TURN YORE
HOSSES!**

BANG!

EEE-HOOO! ANGRY
KNIFE LAUGHS AT YOUR
GUNS, INJUN JONES
---ANGRY KNIFE
HOWLS FOR
YOUR SCALP!



HEAVENS! THAT WAR CHIEF'S BEARING DOWN
ON INJUN---AND HE'LL BE SHIELDED BY HIS
HORSE UNTIL HE'S CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A
TOMAHAWK THROW!



BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT---

SINCE YUH'RE
NOT AFRAID O'
MUH GUNS,
ANGRY KNIFE
---RECKON I'LL
TRY SOMETHIN'
ELSE!



WITH THE EASY SKILL OF A
BORN WRANGLER---

CRASH!



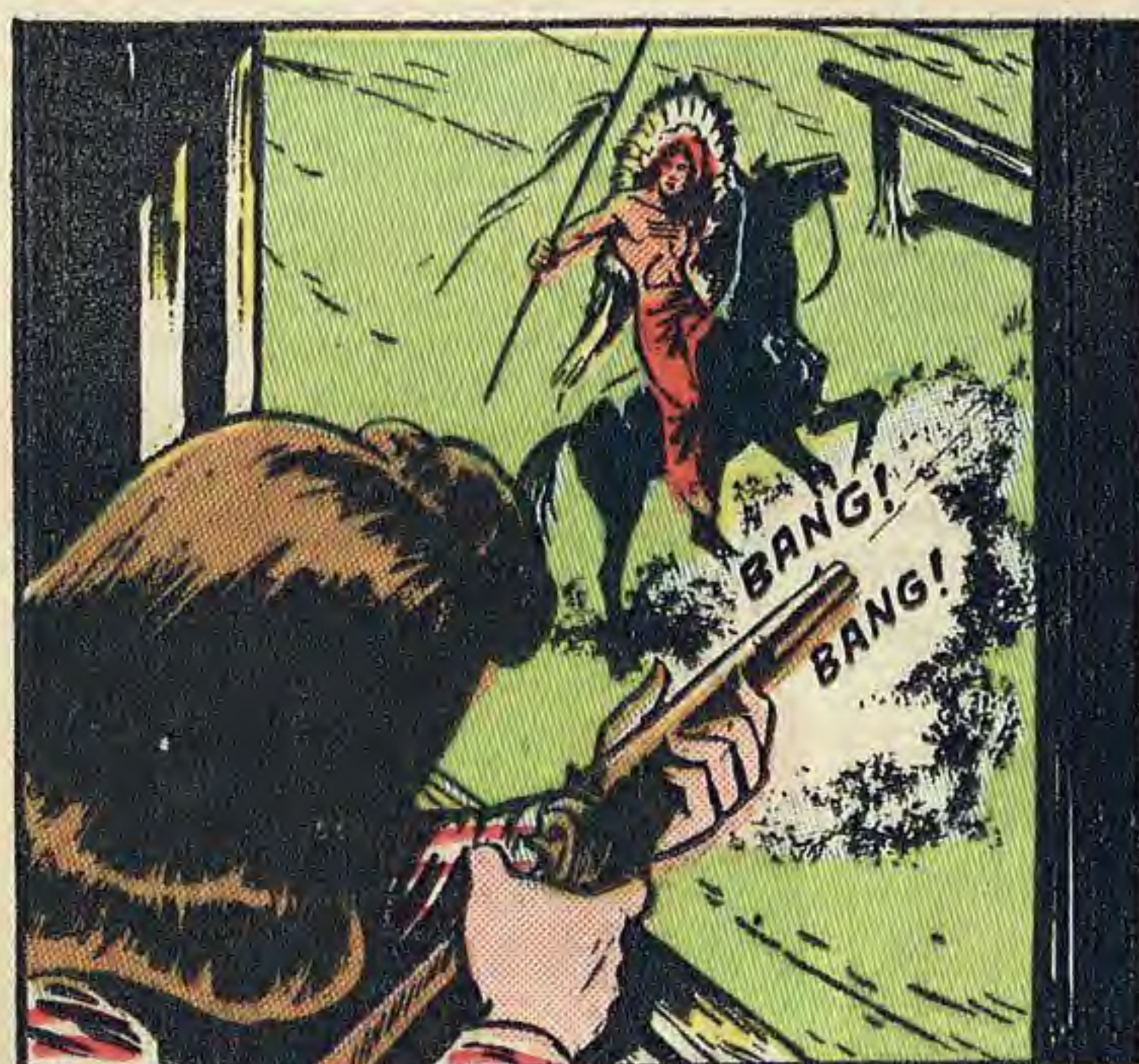
CARVIN' ISN'T
A VERY HEALTHY
IDEE EITHER,
YUH BUZZARD!

POW!



SMASH DOWN
DOOR OF ASSAY
OFFICE! HURRY!

CRACK!



THAT NIGHT...AT THE APACHE WAR COUNCIL...

HEAR THIS! THE APACHES AN' UTES HAVEN'T TANGLED FER MANY A MOON...BUT **NOW** WE'VE GOT TUH RUN 'EM BACK TUH COLORADO TERRITORY! OTHERWISE...**WE** MAY GIT BLAMED FER **THEIR** SCALPIN' AN' BURNIN'!

INJUN JONES SPEAKS WISELY! ROUND UP YOUR HORSES, APACHES!

AS THE BRAVES SINGLE OUT THE SNORTING PINTOS...

I'VE WATCHED YOU RIDE OFF BEFORE, INJUN...BUT I CAN'T HELP WORRYING! MAYBE THIS IS JUST WHAT THE UTES **EXPECT** YOU TO DO...**MAYBE IT'S A TRAP!**

I COULDN'T ASK FER NOTHIN' BETTER, VICKIE...BECAUSE **THAT'LL** GIVE ME THE CHANCE TUH LARRUP THE TAR OUT O' ANGRY KNIFE! BUT DON'T FRET YORE-SELF, GAL...**I'LL BE BACK!**



FOR OVER A WEEK, THE SEARCHING APACHES RIDE NORTHWARD...FOLLOWING A BROKEN TRAIL OF HASTY CAMPFIRE...AN ARROW THAT WHIZZED INTO THE SAND PAST A SPEEDING ANTELOPE...A SINGLE BLUE BEAD GLINTING ON A SUNSWEEP ROCK!

Then...

THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS! FROM NOW ON, IT IS UTE COUNTRY...FROM NOW ON IT IS NO LONGER A SEARCH...**BUT THE WAR-PATH!**

WE'D BE UNDER FIRE FROM THE SETTLERS UP THAR THE MINUTE THEY SPOTTED APACHES ON THE TRAIL, RED CLOUD! NOPE, WE CAN'T RISK IT...**WE'VE GOT TUH TURN BACK!**

DAYS LATER...AS INJUN RIDES INTO TOWN...

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS...I HAVEN'T SEEN **THAT** MANY PRAIRIE SCHOONERS SINCE I STOOD KNEE-HIGH TUH A JACK RABBIT!



YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA HOW QUIET THINGS WERE WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, INJUN...AND I'M TALKING FOR **MYSELF**, TOO!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THEM WAGONS, VICKIE? DID THAT UTE RAID SCARE SOME O' THE RANCHERS INTUH PULLIN' UP STAKES?

NO, INJUN...THEY'VE CAUGHT THE GOLD FEVER! SOME-ONE NAMED **WACO JACK** REACHED TOWN SEVERAL DAYS AGO...AND HE'S BEEN SHOWING OFF THE NUGGETS HE FOUND UP NORTH ALONG DIABLO CREEK! THE NEWS SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE...AND NOW DOZENS OF STOCKMEN ARE ORGANIZING A WAGON TRAIN!



MINUTES LATER...

THESE NUGGETS ARE JEST A SAMPLE O' WHAT'S UP THAR ON DIABLO CREEK, GENTS! COULDN'T BRING ALONG THE BIG ONES... THEY'D BE MORE'N MUH HOSS KIN CARRY!



YEP, THAT'S WACO JACK... AN' THE LAST I HEARD O' HIM ---HE WAS TRADIN' WITH THE UTES!

PARDNER, HOW COME YUH'RE SOUNDIN' YORE BAZOO ABOUT THAT GOLD STRIKE... INSTEAD O' GITTIN' IT ALL ON YORE LONESOME? AN' IF THAR'S GOLD IN THE UTE COUNTRY... WHY'D THEY RAID HERE FER A FEW MEASLY NUGGETS?

I'M GOIN' TUH GIVE YUH ONE ANSWER TUH BOTH QUESTIONS, INJUN JONES...



... KEEP YORE SNOOT OUT O' MY AFFAIRS!

POW!



SCRAMBLE FER COVER, GENTS!



IN THE NEXT SPLIT SECOND...

BLAM!

BANG!



POW!

I'M NOT GOIN' TUH PLUG THAT VARMINT... BECAUSE SOMETHIN' TELLS ME HE'D BETTER BE IN CONDITION TUH TALK!







PISTOL-PACKIN' JUDGE

LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS IN THE DAYS OF THE WILD WEST HAD TO BE TOUGH---AND THE SAME WENT FOR JUDGES! BUT BY FAR THE TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL WAS JUDGE ROBERT M. WILLIAMSON---THE FAMED PISTOL-PACKIN' JUDGE OF TEXAS!

THIS COURT WILL NOW COME TO ORDER---
OR ELSE!

BAM!

A LAWYER NAMED CHARLTON, DEFENDING A VICIOUS CONVICTED MURDERER, ONCE DECIDED TO TEST THE JUDGE'S TOUGHNESS---

YORE HONOR, I KNOW THAT MUH CLIENT HAS BEEN CONVICTED O' MURDER---BUT I KIN POINT OUT A CASE THAT'LL PERSUADE YUH TUH SET ASIDE THE CON-VICTION AN' FREE MUH CLIENT!

ALL RIGHT, CHARLTON---GIVE THE COURT THE BOOK AN' THE PAGE WHAR THE CASE KIN BE FOUND!



THIS IS THE PAGE---



AN' THIS IS THE BOOK---



AN' THIS IS THE LAW THAT'LL MAKE YUH FREE MUH CLIENT!

YOWWW!

AN' THIS IS THE CONSTITUTION THAT **OVERRULES** YORE LAW!



THE LAWYER, HIS HANDS SHATTERED FROM TWO BEAUTIFULLY PLACED SHOTS, FLED FROM THE PISTOL-PACKIN' JUDGE WHO NEVER MISSED---AND THE CONVICTED MURDERER WAS HUNG WITHOUT DELAY!

THE END!

BAD MEN of the WEST

WILLIAM BONNEY, LATER KNOWN AS **BILLY THE KID**, BEGAN HIS EDUCATION IN GUNPLAY EARLY IN LIFE-- IN THE STREETS AND SALOONS OF THE ROARING WESTERN TOWN, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO! THE IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNGSTER SOON CAME TO BELIEVE THAT IT WAS NATURAL FOR A QUARREL TO END UP IN A KILLING!



BILLY FIRST PUT HIS ILL-GOTTEN EDUCATION TO EVIL USE AT THE AGE OF 12, WHEN HE LEAPED AN OLDER BOY WHO HAD ATTACKED A FRIEND-- AND STABBED THE ATTACKER TO DEATH!



FOR HALF A DOZEN YEARS AFTER HIS FIRST KILLING, BILLY LED THE LIFE OF AN OUTLAW-- AND BECAME THE MOST NOTED KILLER OF THE SOUTHWEST!

WANTED FOR MURDER!
BILLY THE KID
REWARD



AT THE HEAD OF AN INFAMOUS GANG, BILLY SWEEPED THROUGH ARIZONA, TEXAS, MEXICO, AND NEW MEXICO-- RUSTLING, ROBBING AND KILLING!



BILLY'S DEPREDACTIONS BECAME SO SERIOUS THAT EVEN THE GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO WAS FORCED TO TAKE ACTION!

THE SITUATION IS INTOLERABLE! THERE WILL NEVER BE PEACE IN NEW MEXICO WHILE THE KID IS FREE! PUT EVERY LAW-MAN ON HIS TRAIL-- GET BILLY THE KID!

IN MARCH, 1879, BILLY VOLUNTARILY GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE GOVERNOR-- AND ACTED AS IF IT WERE ALL A GAME-- AS IF HE WERE PLAYING SOME GREAT JOKE ON THE LAW!

BILLY, I'M WILLING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! IF YOU DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE, IF YOU STAND TRIAL AND THEN PROMISE TO END YOUR CAREER OF CRIME, I'LL PARDON YOU ON THE GROUNDS OF YOUR YOUTHFUL AGE!

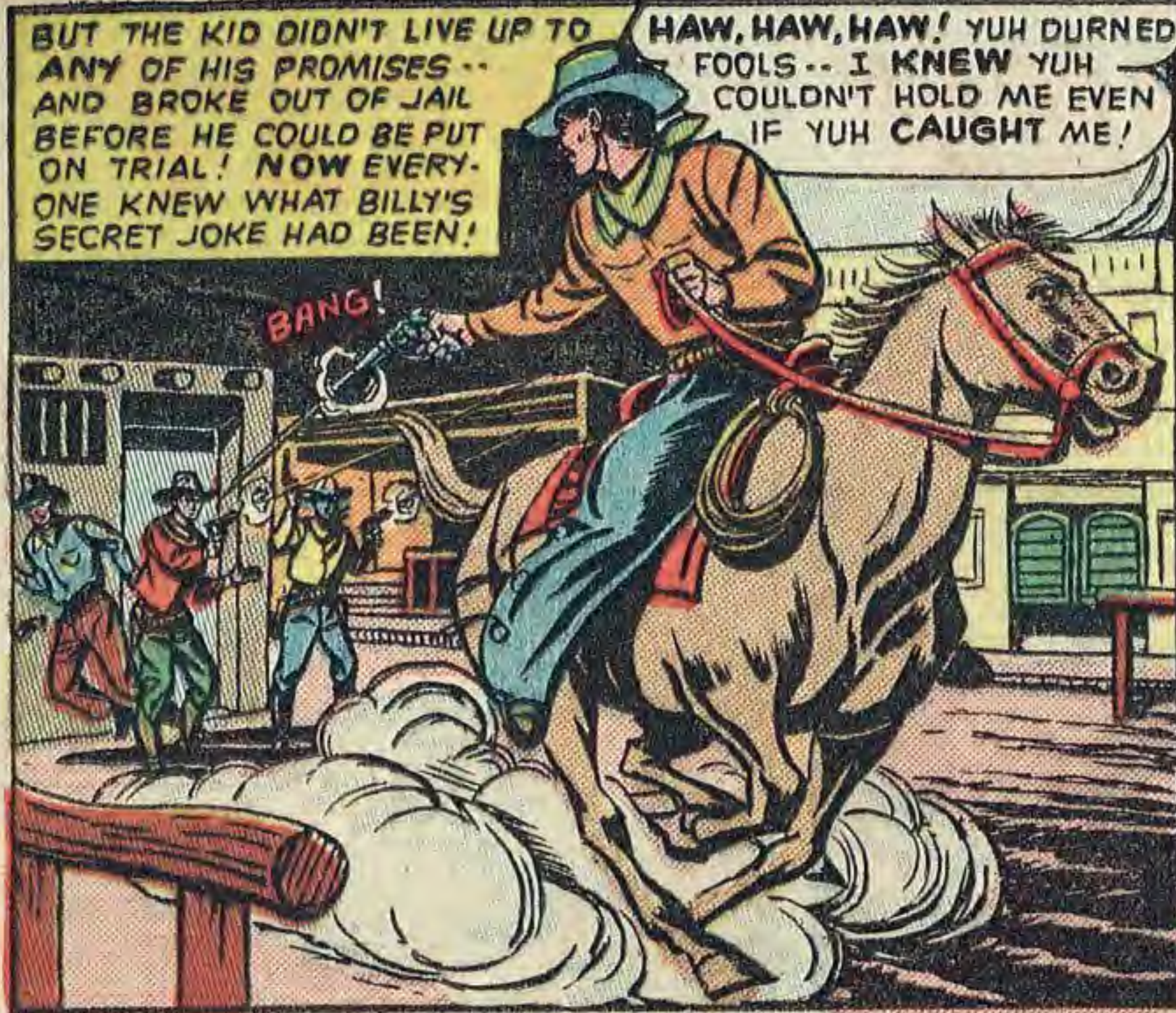
WHY, SHORE, GOVERNOR-- SHORE I PROMISE!



BUT THE KID DIDN'T LIVE UP TO ANY OF HIS PROMISES -- AND BROKE OUT OF JAIL BEFORE HE COULD BE PUT ON TRIAL! NOW EVERYONE KNEW WHAT BILLY'S SECRET JOKE HAD BEEN!

HAW, HAW, HAW! YUH DURNED FOOLS -- I KNEW YUH COULDN'T HOLD ME EVEN IF YUH CAUGHT ME!

BUT WHEN BILLY WAS 20, THE LEADING MEN OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, GRIMLY DECIDED IT WAS HIGH TIME THEY HIRED SOMEONE WHO WAS A MATCH FOR BILLY THE KID -- WHO COULD HUNT HIM, FIND HIM -- AND OUTSHOOT HIM!



YUH'RE THE MAN TUH GIT THE KID, PAT GARRETT -- YUH GOTTA TAKE THE JOB AS SHERIFF!

WAL, I'VE SHORE HEARD A LOT ABOUT THE KID -- AND I DON'T LIKE NONE OF IT! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TUH RID THE COUNTY OF 'IM -- I'LL TAKE THE JOB!



ONCE ON THE KID'S TRAIL, THE FAMED PAT GARRETT HOUNDED HIM UNTIL HE FINALLY CORNERED HIM IN AN OLD STONE HOUSE WITH FOUR OTHER MEN!

WITH ONE SHOT, THE EAGLE-EYED SHERIFF DROPPED ONE HORSE IN ITS TRACKS, AND SEVERED THE ROPES TYING THE OTHER TWO HORSES WITH TWO MORE SHOTS!

KEEP FIRIN', BOYS -- HE CAN'T GET AWAY!

OH, NO? I THOUGHT I SAW ONE O' THOSE HOSSES' ROPES START TUH MOVE -- THE KID MIGHT TRY TUH MAKE A BREAK FER IT!



BANG! BANG!

BANG!

WHINNIEEEE!

WAL, HE SHORE WON'T BE GITTIN' AWAY ON THOSE HOSSES NOW!



AS TIME PASSED, GARRETT DECIDED TO TRY A RUSE BEFORE ORDERING A FRONTAL ATTACK THAT MIGHT COST THE LIVES OF SOME OF HIS MEN!

AFTER GARRETT ASSURED THE BANDITS OF A HOT MEAL WAITING FOR THEM --

THOSE COYOTES MUST BE PRETTY-NIGH STARVED BY NOW -- THEY AIN'T HAD A BITE TUH EAT FER TWO DAYS! AN' MEBBE THE SMELL O' COFFEE AN' FRYIN' BACON WILL FLUSH 'EM

HALLOO, OUT THAR -- IF YUH PROMISE US SOME O' THOSE VITTLES YUH'RE COOKIN', WE'LL SURRENDER!

OKAY, BOYS -- YUH MIGHT AS WELL PITCH IN AN' EAT HEARTY NOW -- 'CAUSE YUH WON'T BE EATIN MANY MORE MEALS ON THIS EARTH!



TAKEN TO MESSILA FOR TRIAL. THE KID WAS CONVICTED ON A CHARGE OF ONE OF HIS MANY MURDERS!

WILLIAM BONNEY, ALIAS BILLY THE KID, I DIRECT THAT YOU BE TAKEN FORTHWITH TO LINCOLN, WHERE YOU WILL BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!



BUT BILLY THE KID WASN'T THROUGH! HE WAS KEPT IN CHAINS AND GUARDED BY TWO DEPUTIES AT THE LINCOLN JAIL -- YET HE MANAGED TO KILL BOTH OF HIS GUARDS AND ESCAPE!

HAW, HAW-- BREAKIN' OUTA JAIL IS NOTHIN' NEW FOR BILLY THE KID!

ARGHH!

BANG!

BANG!



NEXT DAY, SHERIFF PAT GARRETT GRIMLY PICKED UP THE TRAIL AGAIN-- AND HUNTED THE GUNMAN FOR TWO MONTHS! FINALLY, GARRETT RECEIVED A TIP THAT A STOCKMAN BY THE NAME OF PETE MAXWELL HAD BEEN GIVING THE KID REFUGE-- AND WHEN GARRETT PAID THE STOCKMAN A VISIT ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 13TH, 1881 --

BUT I TELL YUH, GARRETT-- I DON'T KNOW WHAR THE KID'S AT!

SHH! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR-- DON'T LET ON THAT I'M HERE!



WHOSE HOSS IS THAT OUTSIDE, PETE? YUH GOT A VISITOR HERE?



YEAH, BILLY-- ME!

WHA-- PAT GARRETT!



WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, PAT GARRETT DREW BEFORE BILLY COULD SQUEEZE HIS TRIGGER-- AND SO THE KID CAME TO THE END OF HIS INFAMOUS TRAIL! FOR ONCE, SOMEONE ELSE HAD BEATEN HIM TO THE DRAW!

BANG!

YAAAGHH!



YES, AT THE AGE OF 22, AFTER HAVING KILLED 21 MEN, BILLY THE KID GOT HIS JUST DESERTS-- AND DIED A VIOLENT DEATH! JUSTICE HAD TRIUMPHED-- AS IT ALWAYS DOES!

THE END

BACKLASH

KEG WILSON CHECKED his guns, twirling the cylinders thoughtfully. They clicked with lethal precision. Then he jammed them back in his holsters and rode on through the heat.

He hoped old Doc Mitchum's soul was at peace with itself. Though Doc didn't know it, he had a date with the pearly gates. Wilson took a drink of water from his leather bottle and reflected, a trifle moodily, that the nearest town...Timber Rock...was thirty miles behind him. There had better be water at Doc Mitchum's! He had a power of thirst. As he topped a rise in the rocky ground, two old shacks unscrambled themselves from the haze of heat, dry sage and mesquite. He guided his horse slowly down the slope.

Keg Wilson had never seen Doc Mitchum before. But that little nicety wouldn't get in the way of killing him. Back in Timber Rock, the bartender had mentioned Mitchum's place as being a good place to water.

"Drop in," he'd urged. "Mighty thirsty between here and Fort Bowers. Old Doc's retired now, but he's always glad to see people. Just sits there and putters around with his pets. Funny guy, the Doc. Knows more about medicine than anybody else in the county."

Wilson had wondered. What kind of pets did Mitchum keep? It didn't stay on his mind long. What did was the bartender's uncautious remark about Doc's penchant for distrusting banks. He kept his life's saving on the premises.

Wilson needed that money badly. At least two posses were on his trail.

He drew rein, seeing two feet sticking out from behind the porch at an

angle. Dismounting, he glimpsed the old man asleep and snoring in a chair. Wilson didn't hesitate. One shot took care of old Doc. The body slumped backward, throwing the chair off balance and back through the doorway. Coolly, Keg Wilson stepped over the body and went inside. A few minutes search in the sparsely furnished shack disclosed nine hundred dollars in an old jelly jar. On the way out, he thoughtfully smashed the kerosene lamp on the floor and tossed a match at it.

Within minutes, the shack was a roaring furnace. Wilson chuckled. They'd never even know Doc had been shot!

But more money might be in the other, smaller shack. He turned, walked a few dozen paces and kicked in the door. Inside it was dark and cool. Wilson saw a few shelves with boxes on them. Nothing more. On the boxes were crudely painted names: GERTRUDE. ROGER. MABEL. Pets, bah, he thought. He'd seen *that* dodge before! Probably the old man kept the bulk of his money in the boxes.

Keg thrust his hand past the tightly-laced burlap that covered the front of the box labeled MABEL. Then he suddenly screamed. He pulled his hand out and Mabel came with it.

Mabel was a six-foot rattler with her fangs sunk in the back of his wrist. Mabel got a purchase on a shelf support and struck twice more before she died of lead poisoning just like Doc.

Like Doc, he thought. In the roaring heat, outside, his blood froze.

Rattler poison took just half an hour to take effect. He didn't have time to get back to Timber Rock. What Keg Wilson needed badly was a Doctor.

And old Doc, of course, was as dead as they die.

The BANTAM BUCKAROO



DEADEYE DAN HAD THE KIND OF FACE THAT STARTS STAMPEDES...COUPLED WITH A TWO-GUN CUSSINESS THAT MADE OTHER OUTLAWS HAMMER AT THE HOOSEGOW DOOR FOR PROTECTION! HE WAS KNOWN BY THE MENACING MARK OF THE LAZY D...UNTIL THAT RIPROARING DAY WHEN TWO HOMBRES BLEW INTO TOWN WITH THE SAME SINISTER SYMBOL ON THEIR HANDS...AND THE BANTAM BUCKAROO TANGLED WITH **BOTH** OF THEM!

AT THE HARNEY RANCH...

GEE WHISKERS, MIKE...I WAS FIXIN' TUH GO FISHIN'! IT WON'T BE ANY FUN RIDIN' FORTY MILES TUH GOPHER GULCH TUH LOOK OVER SOME OL' HOSSES FER SALE!

THEN JEST BRACE YORESELF FER A TEDIOUS AFTERNOON, LOBO...BECAUSE YUH'RE GOIN'!

DON'T THINK I'M AN OL' KILL-JOY, LOBO...BUT IF I BUY FOUR OR FIVE HOSSES...I'LL NEED HELP WRANGLIN' 'EM HOME! AN' WHAT'S MORE...DO YUH REALIZE THAT GOPHER GULCH IS THE STOMPIN' GROUND O' **DEADEYE DAN**...THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE WHO EVER SHOT UP A TOWN SINGLEHANDED?





DEADEYE DAN! GOLLY, MIKE---AM I GOIN' TUH SEE HIM? WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

WAL, LOBO---SINCE ANY WADDY IN HIS RIGHT MIND TAKES COVER WHENEVER DEADEYE DAN BLOWS INTUH TOWN---NOBODY REALLY KNOWS FER SHORE! BUT FROM WHAT I HEARD---
HE'S GOT A SPECIAL MARK TATTOOED ON HIS GUN WRIST!



WHAT KIND O' MARK? CRIMPERS, MIKE--- IT'LL BE A **FINE** THING IF I MEET UP WITH DEADEYE DAN---AN' DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S **HIM!**

MEBBE I'M STICKIN' MUH NECK OUT AG'IN, LOBO---BUT I'LL GIVE YUH A ROUGH IDEE!



THAR IT IS---**THE MARK O' THE LAZY D**---AN' IT'S GENERALLY THE LAST THING A WADDY SEES BEFORE HE CHAWS DIRT!

GOLLY!



HOURS LATER---

YUH SHORE PICKED A SCORCHER, MIKE! IT'S HOT ENOUGH TUH FRIZZLE A BUZZARD'S TAIL FEATHERS!

YEP---I'M WRINGIN' WET! BUT MIGHT AS WELL GRIN AN' BEAR IT, LOBO--- WE'VE GOT JEST A FEW MORE MILES!



AT THAT MOMENT---JUST OUTSIDE GOPHER GULCH---

THAR'LL BE A PASSEL O' HOSSES GITTIN' SOLD HERE TODAY! THAT MEANS THE STOCKMEN WILL BE WEARIN' A PATH TUH THE BANK TUH SALT AWAY THEIR DINERO---**AN' WE'RE GITTIN' IT!**

I DUNNO, WILDCAT! GOPHER GULCH IS PART O' THE TERRITORY **DEADEYE DAN** HAS STAKED OUT AS **HIS'N**---AN' HE'S GOIN' TUH BE RARIN' FER TROUBLE IF HE L'ARNS WE'VE HORNED IN!



YUH RECKON A GALOOT I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN IS GOIN' TUH BLUFF **ME---WILDCAT CARRIER?** THAR'S PLENTY O' WADDIES WHO'D BREAK INTUH A COLD SWEAT JEST **THINKIN'** ABOUT DEADEYE DAN--- BUT I'M NOT ONE OF 'EM!



SOON AFTERWARD--- WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL THAT OL' GEEZER'S OUT O' SIGHT BEFORE WE BARGE IN, WILDCAT! THAR'S NO TELLIN' **WHO** HE IS!

MEBBE YUH'RE RIGHT! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S LOOKIN' US OVER!



WONDER WHY THOSE MEAN-LOOKIN' GALOOTS ARE HANGIN' AROUND THE BANK, MIKE?

LOBO---DON'T START GITTIN' ANY FANCY IDEES! AFTER YARS O' BEIN' SHOT UP BY DEADEYE DAN---JEST ABOUT **EVERY-BODY** IN GOPHER GULCH IS MEAN-LOOKIN'!



MINUTES LATER---AT THE HORSE AUCTION---

HERE'S A GINGERY PAIR O' HARNESS-HOSSSES, OL' TIMER---IF YUH FIGGER YUH KIN HANDLE 'EM!

SON---ARE YUH HINTIN' I'M A TENDER-FOOT?



WAL, I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND TUH GOPHER GULCH FER A SPELL---SO I RECKON YUH DON'T SAVVY WHO I **AM!**

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS... IT'S HIM!



DEADEYE DAN!



DONSARN YUH---WHOA!

HEY! THOSE CRITTERS ARE RUNNIN' HAWG-WILD!



DON'T FRET YORE-SELF ABOUT **DEADEYE DAN, BUB!** A RUNAWAY TEAM'S HIS IDEE O' **FUN!**

NOW I SAVVY WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOPHER GULCH---EVERY-ONE'S GONE LOCO!



A MOMENT LATER---

HEH! WE'VE GOT CLOSE TUH \$10,000---AN' I USED TUH HEAR YUH COULDN'T GRAB A **NICKEL** IN THIS TOWN WITHOUT DEADEYE DAN'S SHOWIN' UP IN TIME TUH HIJACK THE LOOT!

WHOA, THAR! I'M GOIN' TUH SHOW GOPHER GULCH HOW TUH TAME DOWN CRITTERS LIKE **YUH!**





I'M NOT SAYIN' YUH'D CRAWFISH FER **ANYONE**, MIKE...IT'S JEST THAT MEBBE YORE FAST DRAW ISN'T WHAT IT **USED** TUH BE!

YUH'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN', BUB! **WATCH THIS!**



MIKE... **WATCH OUT!**

HUH?

BANG!



Then... QUICK AS THE FLICKER OF A RATTLER'S TONGUE...

YUH OL' COOT...DO YUH SAVVY WHAT IT MEANS TUH SHOW UELY TUH **ME?**



In THE NEXT INSTANT...

JUMPIN' JIMSON...THIS IS DEAD EYE DAN FER **SHORE!**

CRASH!

BANG!



SMALL FRY...I'VE A GOOD MIND TUH BLAST YUH HIGH ENOUGH FER THE BUZZARDS TUH CATCH ON THE WING!

WAM!



MIKE! CREEPERS...HE ISN'T **MOVIN'!**

GOOD THING YORE QUIRT QUEERED MUH AIM...HE'S JEST CREASED! I HAD A HARD RIDE THROUGH CACTUS YESTERDAY TUH GIT AWAY FROM A POSSE...AN' I DON'T AIM TUH SASHAY INTUH GOPHER GULCH LOOKING LIKE **THIS!** GIT OVER THAR...I'M SWAPPIN' OUTFITS WITH **HIM!**



A MOMENT LATER...

GIT IT STRAIGHT, PIPGQUEAK...IF I SPOT YUH TWO IN GOPHER GULCH...I'LL FILL YUH WITH ENOUGH LEAD TUH MAKE YUH RATTLE! **SAVVY?**



A MOMENT LATER...

SO YUH DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN WHEN I ASK FER MUH SPECIAL BOTTLE, EH? I'M WARNIN' YUH, HOMBRE... **TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE AT WHAT I'VE GOT HERE ON MUH HAND!**

SHORE, I KNOW... **THE MARK O' THE LAZY D!** HA HA... YUH'RE EVEN BEGINNIN' TUH **SOUND** LIKE DEADEYE DAN, OL' TIMER!

SUDDENLY...

NOW I AIM TUH GIT SOME LAUGHS! **REACH!**

TUH BEGIN WITH, YUH OL' FAKE... LET'S SEE IF I KIN **SHOOT** AWAY THAT BANDANNA!

RECKON IT'S TIME I GAVE THOSE BUZZARDS THE SHOCK O' THEIR LIVES... **AN' I KNOW JEST WHAT'LL DO IT!**

WITH A TOSS OF HIS FISHING LINE...

SUFFERIN' SAGSAFRAG! ...NO ONE ELSE COULD BE THAT UGLY! **IT'S HIM!**

DON'T STAND THAR... MOVE!

A2

BANG!

YUH RECKON HE AIMS TUH PLUG US IN THE BACK, WILDCAT?

MEBBE... BUT HE MIGHT AS WELL SAVE HIS BULLETS ...BECAUSE **I'M** FIXIN' TUH **OUTRUN 'EM!**

LOOKS LIKE YUH'RE OFF TUH A MIGHTY SLOW START, WILDCAT!

CRASH!



HIM, EH? I WARNED THAT HALF-PINT ABOUT KEEPIN' HIS SNOOT OUT O' GOPHER GULCH...AN' **THIS** TIME I'M GOIN' TUH LET MUH SIX-GUN DO THE TALKIN'!



SECOND LATER...

CRIMPERS! DEADEYE DAN'S CREEPIN' UP ON ME...AN' I'D BETTER DO **SOMETHIN'**!



HUH?

PORE OL' MIKE! AT LEAST HE'LL GIT A HEAP O' COMFORT FROM THE FACT THAT I DIED **GAME!**



WAM!

BANG!

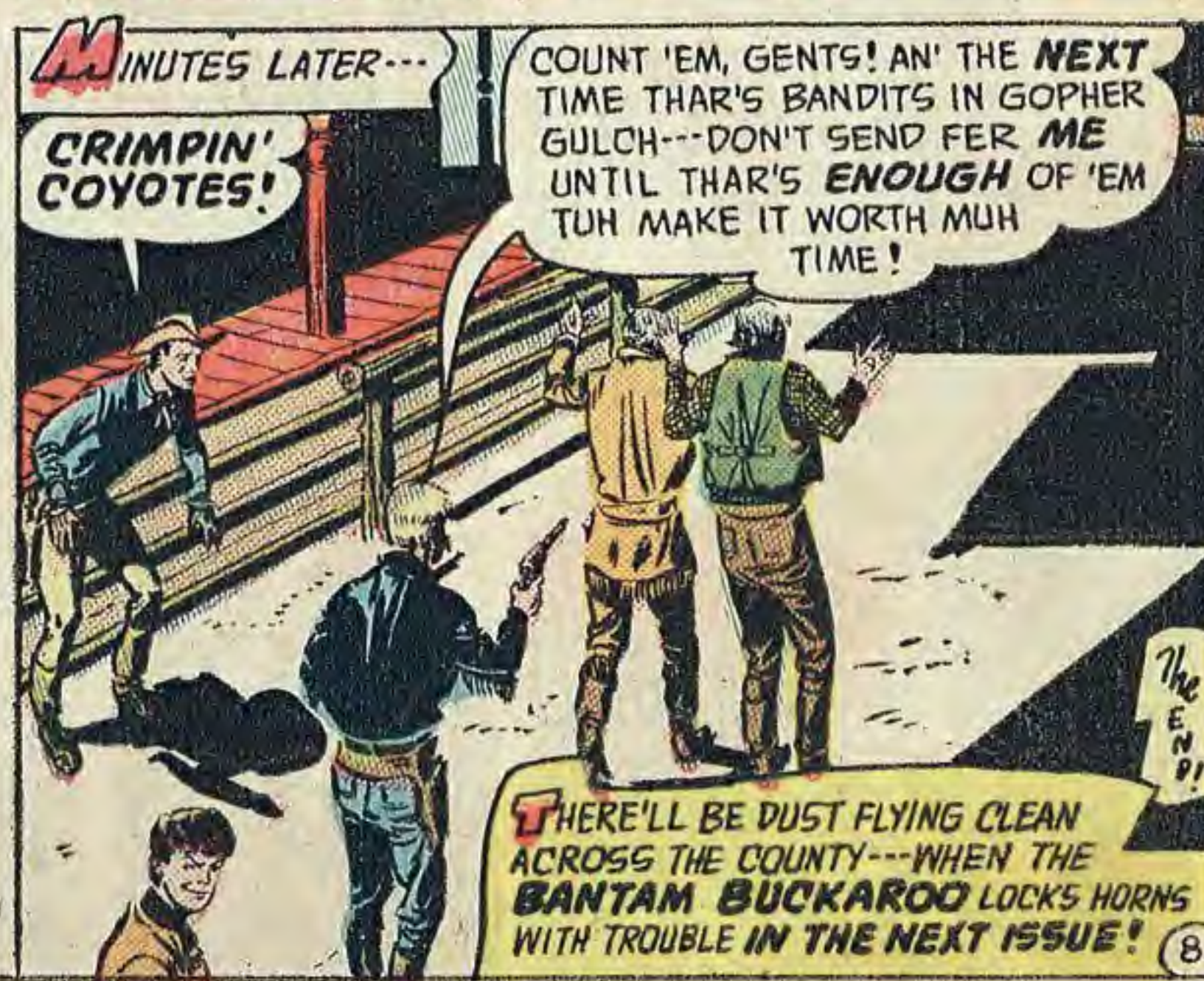


DON'T BOTHER GITTIN' UP, PIZEN! WHEN I'M THROUGH BLASTIN' A HOLE THROUGH **YUH**...THAR WON'T BE NOTHIN' ELSE NEEDED BUT A **HEADSTONE!**

ULP!



CRASH!



MINUTES LATER...

CRIMPIN' COYOTES!

COUNT 'EM, GENTS! AN' THE **NEXT** TIME THAR'S BANDITS IN GOPHER GULCH...DON'T SEND FER **ME** UNTIL THAR'S **ENOUGH** O' 'EM TUH MAKE IT WORTH MUH TIME!

THERE'LL BE DUST FLYING CLEAN ACROSS THE COUNTY...WHEN THE **BANTAM BUCKAROO** LOCKS HORNS WITH TROUBLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! (8)

The End!

Redskin

RUSE

DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, A COLONEL ST. CLAIR BOLDLY LED HIS TROOPS RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE HOSTILE CHIPPEWA COUNTRY...AND WHEN THEY FINALLY REACHED A PLAIN COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY DENSE WOODS...

WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE...
AND POST ONE GUARD AT
THE TIP OF THAT WEDGE
INTO THE WOODS!

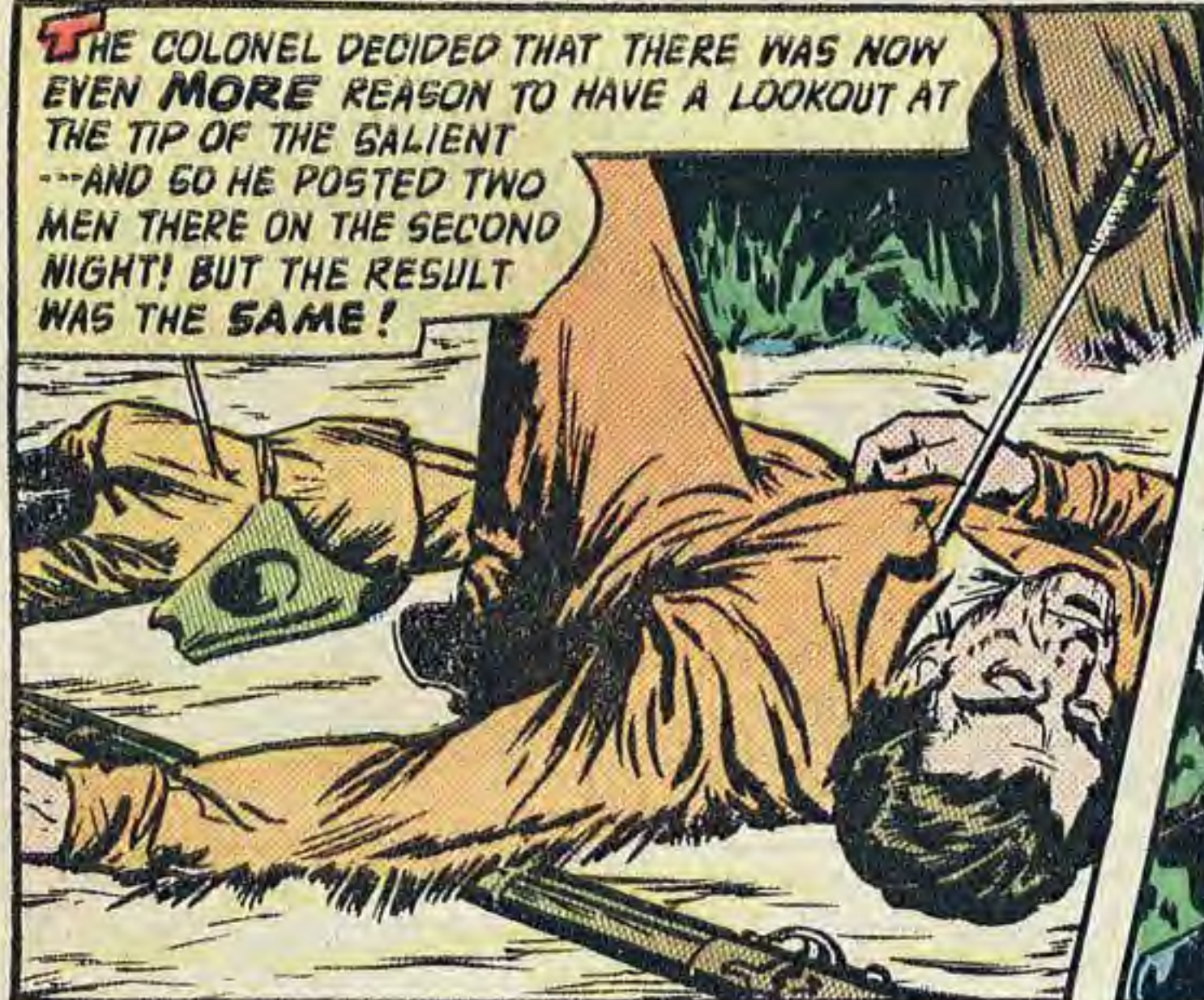


THE AMERICAN SCOUTS INFORMED THE COLONEL THAT IT WOULD BE PURE SUICIDE TO LEAVE A SENTRY IN SUCH AN EXPOSED POSITION, BUT THE COMMANDER INSISTED IT WAS NECESSARY TO HAVE A MAN THERE TO SPY ON ANY INDIANS IN THE FOREST! BUT WHEN MEN CAME TO RELIEVE THE SENTRY IN THE MORNING...

KILLED... DEADERN
DEAD!



THE COLONEL DECIDED THAT THERE WAS NOW EVEN MORE REASON TO HAVE A LOOKOUT AT THE TIP OF THE SALIENT...AND SO HE POSTED TWO MEN THERE ON THE SECOND NIGHT! BUT THE RESULT WAS THE SAME!



NOW EVEN THE COLONEL WAS CONVINCED OF THE FOOLHARDINESS OF HIS PLAN!

I'LL ASK NO ONE ELSE
TO RISK HIS LIFE AT
THAT POST!

COLONEL,
JUST LET ME
SPY IN THAT CORNER
O' THE WOODS
TONIGHT!



IMRESSED BY HIS SCOUT'S COURAGE, THE COLONEL GAVE HIS PERMISSION! BUT THE OTHER MEN MERELY THOUGHT THE VOLUNTEER MAD...

HAW, HAW... ARE YUH
GONNA BEAT THE
INJUNS WITH THAT
STICK, MORGAN?

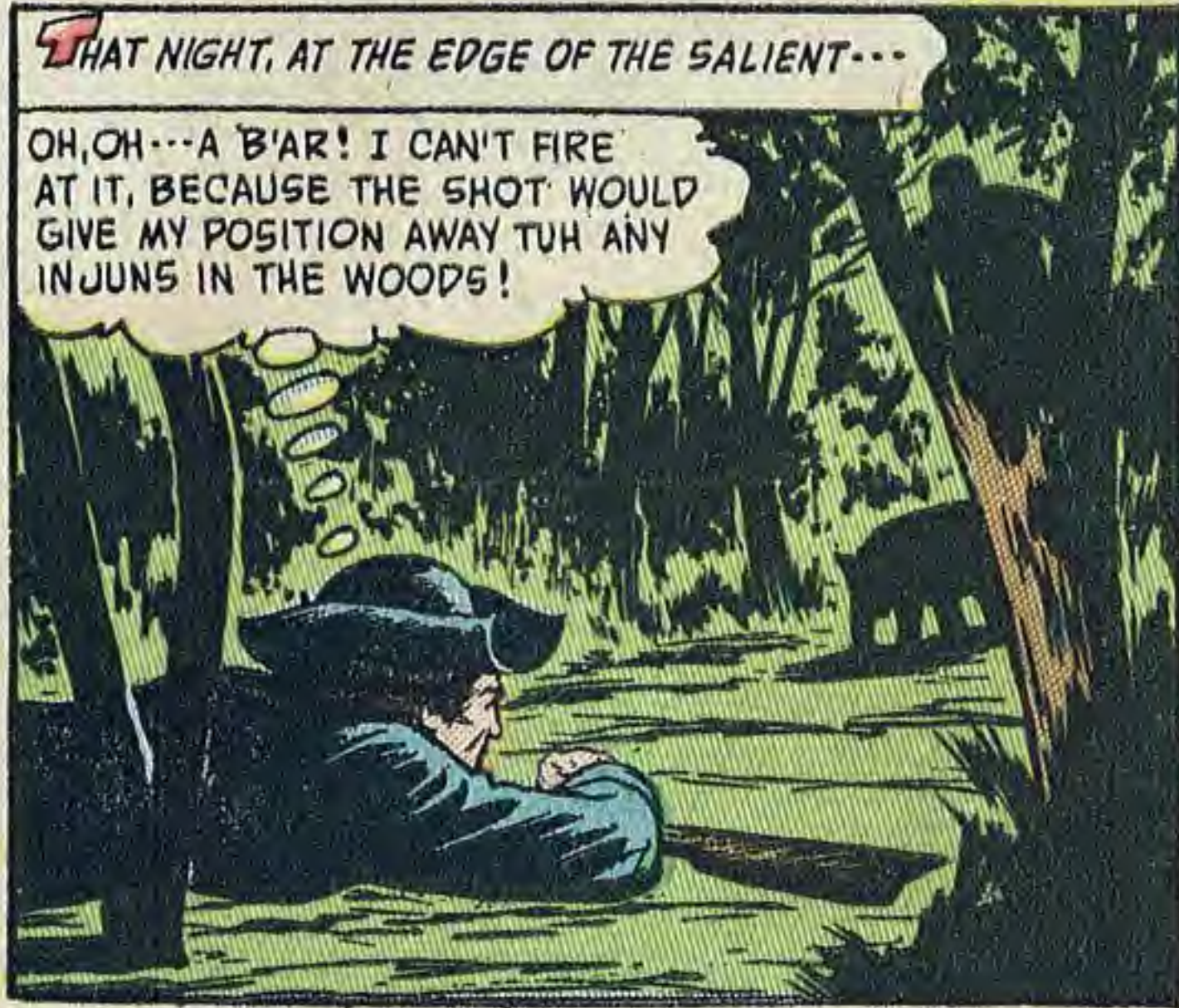
NAW... HE'S
GONNA TICKLE
'EM TUH DEATH
WITH THAT THAR
COON-SKIN
CAP!

SEE YUH
IN THE
MORNIN',
BOYS!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE EDGE OF THE SALIENT...

OH, OH... A B'AR! I CAN'T FIRE
AT IT, BECAUSE THE SHOT WOULD
GIVE MY POSITION AWAY TUH ANY
INJUNS IN THE WOODS!





THE BEAR PAUSED IN THE CLEARING TO LOOK AROUND AND SNIFF THE AIR... BUT WHEN IT SHAMBLED OFF BACK INTO THE WOODS, THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT ITS GAIT THAT MADE MORGAN SUSPICIOUS! AS SOON AS THE BEAR HAD DISAPPEARED, THE SCOUT FELT AROUND IN THE GROUND FOR ITS TRACKS...

THERE'S NO B'AR-TRACKS... BUT MORE LIKE MOCCASIN TRACKS!



MORGAN CROPT BACK INTO HIS HIDING PLACE, CERTAIN THAT THE "BEAR" WOULD RETURN... AND SURE ENOUGH, IT DID!

TWANG!



THE ARROW STRUCK THE DUMMY WHICH MORGAN HAD PROPPED IN THE CROTCH OF A LIGHTNING-STRUCK TREE TO MAKE IT RESEMBLE A SENTRY ON DUTY... AND WHEN THE STUFFED GREATCOAT AND CAP FELL TO THE GROUND WITH A THUD, THE "BEAR" GRINN-INGLY WALKED AWAY!



THE BATTLE OF WITS CONTINUED... AS MORGAN TRAILED THE INDIAN WHO HAD BEEN DISGUISED AS A BEAR TO A CHIPPEWA POW-WOW!

HA... THAT "B'AR" IS TELL-ING ALL ABOUT HOW HE KILLED THE WHITE SCOUT... AS USUAL!



MORGAN STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN THAT AFTER THE NEXT NIGHT'S SCOUT HAD BEEN KILLED, A MASS ATTACK WOULD BE MADE BY INDIANS WHO WOULD PROCEED DOWN THE UNDEFENDED SALIENT AND CATCH THE WHITE CAMP BY SURPRISE! THE NEXT NIGHT, THE FIRST PART OF THE INDIANS' PLANS SEEMED TO PROGRESS SMOOTHLY...



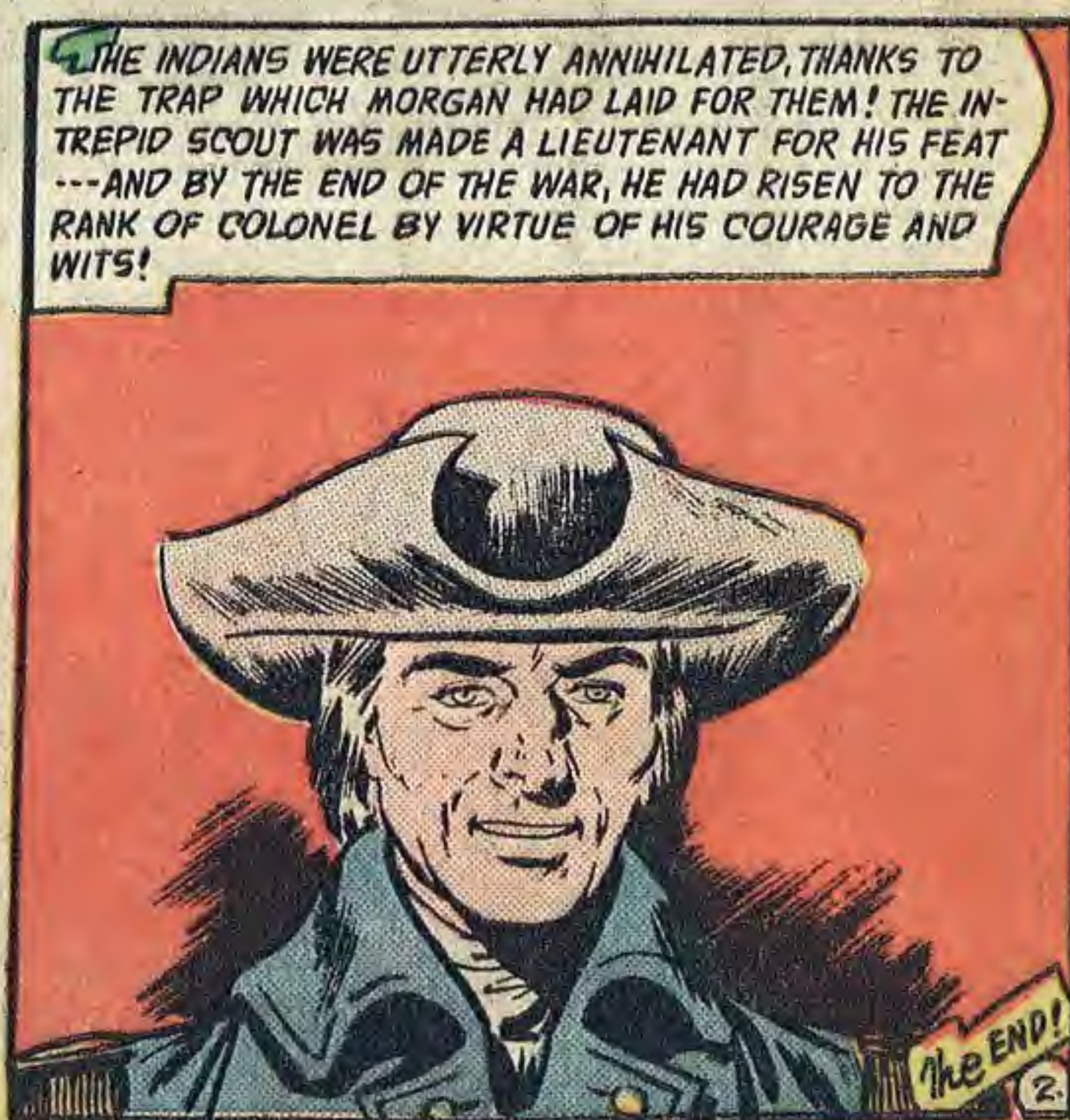
BUT WHEN THE REDSKINS BEGAN TO EMERGE FROM THE WOODS AND HEAD FOR THE WHITE CAMP, THEY WERE SUDDENLY TAKEN BY SURPRISE!

YAAAGHH!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



THE INDIANS WERE UTTERLY ANNIHILATED, THANKS TO THE TRAP WHICH MORGAN HAD LAID FOR THEM! THE INTREPID SCOUT WAS MADE A LIEUTENANT FOR HIS FEAT... AND BY THE END OF THE WAR, HE HAD RISEN TO THE RANK OF COLONEL BY VIRTUE OF HIS COURAGE AND WITS!

THE END!
2.

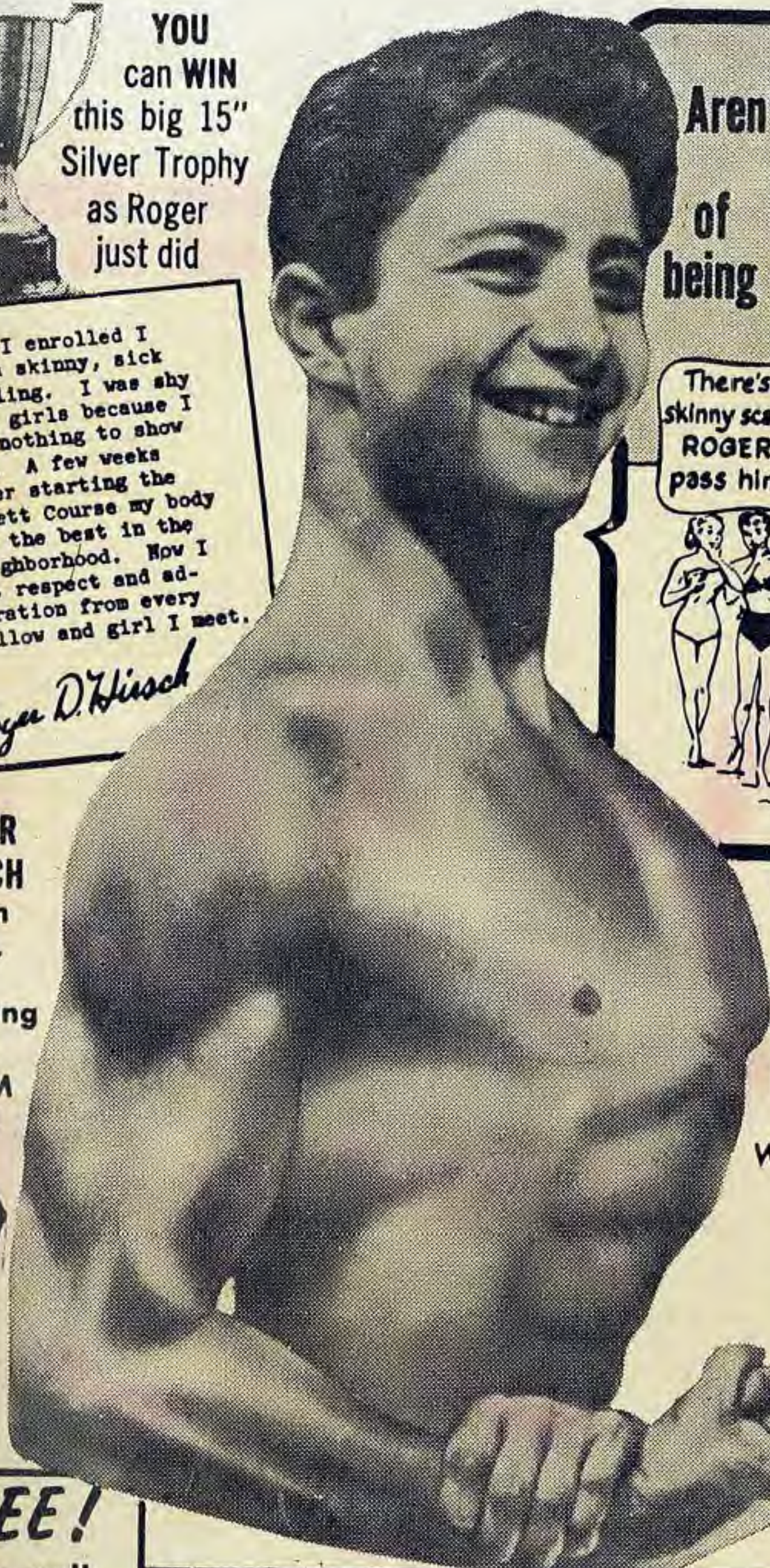


YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK AT HIM NOW!



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN**, a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

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NOW LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.



JOE WALLOPED ANOTHER HOMER. HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!



JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.



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10¢

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO...**

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